# CARMEN SECULARE,

For the YEAR 1735.

## TO THE KING,

On his going to HANOVER.

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*Cuſtode rerum* Georgio, *non* Furor
Civilis, *aut* Vis *eximet* Otium;
*Non* ira, *quæ* Procudit *enſes*
*Et* miſeras *inimicat* urbes. Hor.

---

LONDON:

Printed: And Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.*

M DCC XXXV.

[Price One Shilling.]

# CARMEN SECULARE,

## For the YEAR 1735.

# TO THE KING,

## On his going to HANOVER.

---

Cujnode rerum Georgio, non Fulgor
Civilis, aut Vis eximet Otium;
Non ira, quæ Procudit enses
Et miseras inimicat urbes. Hor.

---

LONDON:

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M DCC XXXV.

[Price One Shilling.]

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

# Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE,*

*First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter,* &c. &c. &c.

*SIR,*

IS now some Months since I publish'd a *Panegyrical Poem,* on the Right Honourable Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, wherein, however weak my Attempt, I did *Honour* to my self, in chusing such a *Subject*; a

A *Subject,*

*Subject*, whose very *Name* wou'd charm the *Readers*, and hide the many *Faults* which slipt from *a Well-meaning Pen:* This I inscrib'd to *All* who love their *King* and *Country*; to such as *scorn* to be *unjust*, tho' press'd by *Party-power*, and *disaffected Fools*.

As yet my *Honest Wishes*, in that *Dedication*, have been comply'd with, for a *Reason* too obvious for *Sense* to contradict; for I am fully persuaded, had it contain'd any *Matter* or *Subject* for your wicked *Antagonists* to lay hold on, it had long ere now been canvass'd into that saucy *Scandal*, those *Foes* to our *common Good*, *Tranquillity*, and *Peace* are so noted for.

My only Vanity for the Piece, is, that your greatest *Enemies*, tho' govern'd by an *evil Conscience*, must allow it to be a *Poem* void

of *Adulation* to your self, or *Scandal* to them.

THE only *View* 'twas wrote with, was, to do *Justice* to a *Great Man*, villainously *aſpers'd*, maliciouſly *traduc'd*, and highly *injur'd*.

A proper and publick *Appeal*, to every *honeſt* and *thinking Subject*, whether the preſent *Miniſter*, to *a wiſe* and *gracious Sovereign*, deſerves the *Treatment* he receives from a preſuming *Tribe* of bluſtering *Tritons*, whoſe chief Study is to ſubvert the Foundation of *Religion* and *Government*, to inculcate *Vice* in the *Minds* of ignorant and undiſcerning Men, and pleaſe the innate *Obſtinacy* of rich *Incendiaries*, and noiſy *Blockheads*.

THE *judicious Part* of Mankind, who at firſt liſten'd to the *Lucubrations* of your *Enemies*, have long ſince deſpis'd their *Writings*; and look on their *Authors*, in the ſame Light as *Milton* did the fallen *Angels*, when contriving to gain from the *Almighty*, the Seat of immortal *Happineſs*.

To be envied is the natural Reſult of *Greatneſs*, and I dare ſay, the *Aſperſions* you have met with were not unexpected. But to bear *them* with *Meekneſs*, and Serenity of *Mind*, to look with *Pity* on your *Accuſers*, to perſevere in an unſhaken *Fidelity* to your *Sovereign*, this, this is truly to ſhew a *great Mind*; this is adding to your *Character* undeniable *Praiſe*, and never fading *Glory*.

*Adulation* and *undeſerved Praiſe* is the uſual Language of Dedications, as if *Self-*

*conceit*

*conceit* was the *Baſis* of each *Great Man's Mind:* But this ſhews the narrow Conception of our Modern Authors, rather than the Defect of their Patrons; for ſuch Stuff, to a Man who labours to be *popular*, and artfully ſtrives to inſinuate himſelf into the Favour of a *Nation*, by falſly accuſing his *Superiors*, may appear with a pleaſing Face, and charm the ſelf-opinion'd Patron, to a large *Benevolence*. But to a Man firmly attach'd to the *Intereſt* of his *King* and *Country*, no Encomiums can enhance his Worth.

*Juſtum & tenacem propoſiti virum,*
*Non civium Ardor prava jubentium,*
*Non vultus inſtantis Tyranni,*
*Mente quatit ſolidâ, neque Auſter.* Hor.

Worthy

WOrthy all *Praiſe*, is he who to his *Truſt*,
And on his *End*, is obſtinately *juſt*. [*Road*,
Tabr'ing with *Eaſe*, he keeps the rugged
Pain is his *Pleaſure*, for his *Country's Good*.
Over all the *factious* and *tumultuous Spies*,
Led on by *Envy*, HE with *Fame* ſhall riſe,
Engaging *Friendſhip* from the *Good* and
*Wiſe*.

THAT you may ſurmount all thoſe *Difficulties* which wicked *Men* create, is the *Wiſh* of every honeſt and faithful *Subject*, and,

THAT you may continue *eſteem'd* by your *King*, *belov'd* by all *honeſt* and *religious Men*; that true *Content* of *Mind* may bleſs the remaining Part of your *Life*, and *Heaven* diſpenſe thoſe *Comforts* to *you*, which

*ſweeten*

*ſweeten Pain*, and *reward the Good*, is the ſincere and univerſal Wiſh of all who love their *King* and *Country*, but of none more than of,

*SIR*,

*Your moſt Obedient*,

*Moſt Devoted*,

*And moſt Humble Servant*,

WILLIAM PARRATT.

# DEDICATION.

Sincere and universal Wish of all who love their King and Country, but of none more than of

SIR,

Your most Obedient,

Most Devoted,

And most Humble Servant,

WILLIAM FARRATT.

# CARMEN SECULARE.

## For the YEAR 1735.

BEFORE bright *Phœbus*, with his Pompous *Train*,
Diſplay'd his Beams, or ſaw the watry *Main*;
Before the *Peaſant* robb'd his Limbs of *Sleep*,
To threſh the *Corn*, or watch the wand'ring *Sheep*,
Our *Sovereign* wak'd, and from his downy Bed,
With goodly Haſte, he rais'd his Royal Head,
Not gilded *Sloth*, nor baſe inglorious *Eaſe*,
Has Power to ſtop him, or prevent his Ways,
Which tend alone for *Britain*'s ſacred Peace.

Dreſt in the comely *Robes* of ſmiling *Love*,
Which all admire, and which all approve,

Our Ruler comes, and glads each *Subject's* Eye,
With eaſy *Looks*, and Godlike *Majeſty*,
Bore to his *Coach*, with Shouts of loud Acclaim,
Which ſpeak his *Virtues*, and pronounce his Fame.
Whilſt *Britain's Queen* to *Heaven* her Wiſhes ſends,
And to her *God* her *Conſort's Life* commends,
In *Tears* unartful, and in *Prayers* unfeign'd,
By *Love* directed, and by *Love* ordain'd.

*Zephyr*, Companion to returning *Spring*,
In gentle Gales attend *Britannia's* King,
Whilſt fond *Aurora* paints the circling Skies,
With various *Colours*, to delight his Eyes,
To ſooth his Griefs, to mitigate his Care,
And prove propitious to each *loyal Prayer*.
*Neptune*, receive him to a pleaſing *Sea*,
And, ſmiling *Ocean*, own your Sovereign's Sway.

'Twas thus his *Conſort* pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
The *Waves* were calm'd, and peaceful was the Main;
The Sails expanded by the Wind's Command,
Convey'd the *Monarch* to the *Belgic* Land:

Where

Where echoing Guns in warlike Peals resound,
Great *GEORGE*'s Welcome to a Foreign Ground,
Whilst wise *Minerva* mounts on *Albion*'s Throne,
And thus expatiates for her Chosen Son.

* Ye *Sons* of *Malice*, and ye *Slaves* to *Wit*,
Who *Envy* cherish, and who Lyes vamp'mit,
Who kindle *Hate* in each unthinking *Mind*,
To *Honour* Foes, and to Obedience blind;
Who study *Evil*, and whose Actions tend
To ruin *Statesmen*, *Country*, *King* and *Friend*;
Paint to your roving *Minds* an awful Sight,
Of *Darkness* blended with a distant *Light*;
A *Monarch*'s *Brow* o'ercast with pensive Thought,
His *Looks* intense, his *Soul* with *Coolness* fraught,
Press'd by *Extreams* of Love, and anxious *Fears*,
Of *Hopes* for Peace, and *Threat'nings* of a War.

If thus the Image strikes some doubtful Breast,
And shews that *Majesty* is seldom blest,
With *Ease* unvaried, or with *Pleasures* dear,
With *Fortune* constant, or with Friends sincere;

* *Authors of disaffected Papers.*

Tell me what unknown *Joys* Preferment brings,
To *Stateſmen*, *Courtiers*, *Emperors*, or *Kings*?
What *Bliſs* they ſhare, ſuperior to Mankind,
Or what *Contentment* in their Gold they find?
What *Pride* in Crowns, in *Grandeur* what Eſteem,
What *Ills* they conquer, what loſt *Health* redeem?
But if wiſe *Silence* then your *Tongue* confines,
What unknown *Envy* moves your ill *Deſigns*?
Why, with laborious *Wit*, and artful *Lyes*
D'you cloak *Ambition*, and your *Soul* diſguiſe?
Why *Faction* reigns, unbounded in her *Sway*,
And *Fools* with loud *Applauſe* your *Wit* repay?
Why ſtrong *Diſſenſion* lords it o'er the *Land*,
And every *Knave* obeys your bold *Command*?
Why *Riots* riſe, and *Mobs*, that you maintain,
Contemn the *Laws*, and *Magiſtrates* diſdain?
Why thoughtful *Rogues*, who, on their *Arts* intent,
Find out new *Ways*, and *cheat* to pay their *Rent*
With damn'd *Extortion*, or with *Goods* decay'd,
And tell a thouſand *Lyes* to help their *Trade*;
Why *they*, with *Saint-like Face*, look o'er your Lines,
And tell their *Wives*, how WALPOLE's Heart inclines

To ruin *Trade*, and make their Country poor,
And cauſe ſuch *Ills* WE never knew before?
If *Silence*, ſtill, forbids your *Tongues* to move,
And conſcious *You* your ſelves with Guilt reprove;
If *Reaſon*, who had long forſook her *Crown*,
Reſumes her Seat, and fills the empty Throne;
Indulge the *Bleſſing*, and, with ſtudied Care,
Direct her Reins, and ſhun the fatal *Snare*.
Look back with Sorrow on your former *State*,
And bleſs that *Power*, which gave *Repentance* Date.

*Time*, with his creeping *Steps*, glides on apace,
And *Death* ſoon finiſhes a fleeting *Race*!
How few arrive at threeſcore Years and ten,
How few from *Childhood* ripen into *Men*!
Some in the *Noon of Time*, oppreſs'd with Grief,
Fly to the ſilent Grave, and find Relief:
Some in the Dawn of *Age*, the Pride of Man,
Deſtroy their Days before their *Senſe* began.
The friendly *Grave* receives their *Lifeleſs Clay*,
Aud greedy *Worms* embrace the welcome *Prey*:

Unenvied in that *State* the *Image* lies,
Whilſt the immortal *Soul*, which never dies,
Soars, like an Eagle, thro' the lofty Skies;
There to receive *Reward*, or laſting *Pain*,
A dreadful *Puniſhment*, or endleſs *Gain*.

Fond *Poets* talk of *Groves*, and bliſsful *Meads*,
*Elyſian Plains*, and ever-verdant *Shades*;
Of *Myrtle Walks*, with Blaſts of *fragrant Air*,
And pleaſant *Hills* which golden *Flowers* wear;
Of *Lovers* happy, and where *Souls* enjoy
Untainted *Bliſs*, and *Sports* which never cloy.
If theſe imaginary *Whims* were ſure,
With *Patience* Man his *Sorrows* might endure!
The *Atheiſt*, *Sinner*, and the harden'd *Youth*,
Wou'd die with *Pride*, and jeer at *Scripture Truth*;
Ev'n *Miſers* too, who *Gold* ſo much adore,
That to encreaſe their *Wealth* are always poor,
Wou'd never *Sigh* to leave the ſhining Store.
But oh! unerring *Conſcience*, Reaſon's Friend,
Paints to the *Sinners* Mind another End:
A *Day*, when ev'ry *Grave* ſhall yield its Dead,
And fill a thouſand guilty *Souls* with Dread.

When

When diſmal Shrieks ſhall joyn the Trumpet's ſound,
And ÆTNA's Fury ſpread o'er all the Ground;
The heavenly *Spheres*, the *Stars* and glorious *Sun*,
Will have no *Light* to give, no *Courſe* to run;
But that ſame *Voice*, which bid the World have *Light*,
Shall bid the *ſame* cloſe in eternal *Night*.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, nor farther dare to pry
Into the Depths of vaſt *Eternity*.
Inſpire my *Thoughts*, and in my *Numbers* ſing
*Britannia's* Glory in *Britannia's* King.

When God-like *Cæſar* held on Earth a Sway,
And Men were proud his *Diktates* to obey;
*Peace*, *Liberty*, and well appointed Laws,
Proclaim'd his *Wiſdom* and upheld his *Cauſe*:
*Diſſenſion* fled, and gave to *Virtue* place;
And *Rome* triumphant ſaw the happy *Race*.
Not ſo is *England's* King compleatly bleſt,
Nor can his *Mind* have *Eaſe*, nor *Soul* have *Reſt*:
*Pride* reigns, and *Diſcord* ſpreads her baneful *Hate*,
Whilſt *Virtue* foes with Fear her ſpreading Fate;

By

By *Vice* oppreſt, compell'd to quit her Seat,
With Sorrow ſhe beholds the *Venal* Cheat
Of *ſuch*, who'd *ſell their Country* to be Great.
Can *Majeſty* with Eaſe behold her fled,
And fruitful *Guilt* reign *Monarch* in her ſtead,
Expelling *Peace* from ev'ry *Subject's* Breaſt,
And tempting *Thoſe* who ſtudy to be bleſt?
In vain wou'd *Britain's King* his Thoughts compoſe,
Or eaſe his *Doubts*, or give his *Soul* Repoſe,
Which ſtruggles with his *Fears*, and wonders at his Foes.

Ungrateful *France* in *War* breaks out again,
And joins her *conquer'd Sword* with haughty *Spain*;
Whilſt brave *Eugene*, with *Prudence*, not with *Might*,
Maintains his *Glory*, and ſupports his Right,
And for his *Maſter's* Safety waves the Fight.
Juſtly *he* fears th'uncertain *Fate* of *Arms*,
And wiſely ſhews that *Honour* has not *Charms*
To tempt his *Courage* to unſheath his *Sword*,
And make him raſhly give the dreadful Word,
" *To Arms, to Arms, undaunted, and with ſpeed,*
" *And for your Country's good with pleaſure bleed!*



Not

Not King nor Country can retrieve one *Soul*,
Allay its *Terror*, or its *Fate* controul.
Give Eaſe in Pain, or ſtop the fleeting Breath,
Nor Still the Conſcience at the *Sight* of *Death*!
Why then does *Tyrant Man* with fierce Command
Spread horrid Slaughter thro' a peaceful Land?
Why, for a ſlight Offence, a War proclaim,
To feed *Ambition*, or to raiſe his Fame?
Which, like the *Sound* a tuneful *Trumpet* gives,
Soars for a Moment, and a Moment lives.

Such *Guilt* ne'er yet cou'd taint our *Sovereign's Mind*,
Nor ſtain his *Virtues*, nor his *Reaſon* blind:
Tho' gilded *Care* invades his Sacred Breaſt,
And buſy *Trouble* barrs his nightly Reſt.
Tho' *Regal Woes* combine with poliſh'd *Strife*,
To load his *Crown*, and raiſe the *Storms* of Life;
Calmly he views the Ills which Heav'n aſſign'd,
And bears the Tryals with a *Cato's* Mind.
Bold on his *End*, and watchful of his *Cauſe*,
He ſaves his *Country*, and maintains his *Laws*.

*Greatneſs*, thou ſmiling Flatterer of Pain,
Thou fond Deluſion, and thou empty Gain,
Thou wiſh'd-for *Trouble*, and thou courted *Strife*,
Thou gay Tormentor of a painful *Life*,
Why bring'ſt thou *Care* upon thy painted Wings,
Why in thy *Gifts* lie hid thoſe vexing Stings,
Which dwell with *Titles*, and which prey on Kings?
The humble *Swain*, who for his daily Food
Purſues the Plow, and purifies his Blood,
With wholeſome *Exerciſe*, and healthy *Air*,
Nor deviates into *Pride*, nor meets *Deſpair*,
He courts thee not, nor minds thy ſounding *Name*,
Thy tempting *Evil*, nor thy noiſy *Fame*;
But chearful wakes, and to his Labour goes,
Contemns *Ambition*, and creates no *Foes*;
Surveys the beauteous *Products* of the *Earth*,
And glorifies the Cauſe that gave them Birth:
He dreads no Poverty nor wants no Wealth,
But builds his *Happineſs* on luſty *Health*;
Reveres his *God*, and meditates on *Death*,
And, without *Fear*, reſigns his lateſt *Breath*.

Thrice

Thrice happy Man, from Pride and Envy clear,
In *Friendſhip* faithful, and in *Speech* ſincere;
Content, tho' poor, beneath an humble State,
Nor vainly Anxious for a better *Fate*;
Pleas'd in his *Fortune*, and a ſweet *Retreat*,
Unknown to *Thoſe*, who ſtruggle to be *Great*.

A *Bliſs* ſo true with *Grandeur* cannot reſt,
Increaſe of *Riches* barrs the faint *Requeſt*!
Fed with the Streams of Wealth, we want no Eaſe;
So fond *Inquietude* is *Wealth's* Diſeaſe,
Which wins the *Senſes* with a gilded *Doſe*,
And lulls the *Conſcience* to a ſhort Repoſe!

On Kingly *Sway* a different *Ill* attends,
And all their *Bliſs* on *Peacefulneſs* depends,
Yet buſy *Fortune* ſo uneven rules,
That *Kings* are Subject to the *Pride* of *Fools*;
Innumerable *Ills* reſide with *Crowns*,
And *Sorrow* broods with *Majeſty* on *Thrones*.

Cou'd *GEORGE*, who reigns with Wiſdom by his Side,
And firmly graſps the beſt and ſafeſt *Guide*,

But ſay *Peace* and *Tranquillity* now reſt,
And gentle *Hope* reſides within my *Breaſt*.
Then wou'd each loyal *Pray'r* be truly bleſt.
But oh! *his Country* ſits too near *his Heart*,
To let *Contentment* act her choſen part!
*Almain*, oppreſs'd, demands with ſpeed his Aid;
O'ercome by *Riches*, and by *Odds* diſmay'd;
Willing to *fight*, but of the Loſs afraid.
Say, mighty *Janus*, why theſe *Cares* ariſe,
Which fill the World with *Terror* and *Surpriſe*,
And ſhake with *Diſcord* the extenſive *Skies*.

Sure, that predeſtin'd *Day* moves on apace,
And thus reminds a diſobedient *Race*,
With lovely Truth who ſues for one Embrace.
*She*, long repuls'd by *Sin* and conquering *Pride*,
Comes once again with *Juſtice* by her *Side*;
And *Faith*, and *Charity*, *Religion's Laws*,
Which build her *Temple*, and ſupport her *Cauſe*.

What elſe, wiſe *Janus*, can this *Noiſe* preſage,
If not to warn a *thoughtleſs*, *hard'ned Age*,

To force *Repentance* thro' the jarring Lands,
And make the *Wicked* know what *Heav'n* commands?
Whilſt *GEORGE* invokes *Aſtræa* to his *Reign*,
And ſeeks in ardent *Prayers*, he cannot feign,
For *Peace*, for *Happineſs*, and laſting *Joy*,
*Pleaſures* which *Raptures* give and never *Cloy*:
Such are his *Deeds*;---for ſuch the Laurel Bough
Shall yield the *greeneſt Leaves*, to *crown his Brow*,
That ever grac'd the mightieſt *Heroe*'s Head,
Which *Heaven* produc'd, or *Godlike Virtue* bred.

Retire, my *Muſe*, and leave thy *Monarch's Lays*,
To ſing in equal *Strains* his *Conſort's Praiſe*,
Love's utmoſt *Pride*, and *Wiſdom*'s lofty *Theme*,
Prudent in *Council*, and in Wit ſupream.

*Guardian* of *Peace*, bleſt *CAROLINE!* renown'd
In Honour, and with ev'ry Virtue *crown'd*,
Secure in thee, abroad thy *Monarch* reigns,
And ſtrives with *Peace* to end thoſe *buſy Pains*,
Which *War* creates in ev'ry doubtful Heart,
And *Fear* redoubles to each trembling *Part*.

No longer now *Minerva* ſhall retain
The ſacred *Title* of the wiſeſt *Queen*;
But *Albion*'s Pride ſhall bear the honour'd Prize,
Be deem'd more *Worthy*, and be thought more *Wiſe*:
Ages unborn her Virtues ſhall repeat,
And ſay, *none* were ſo *good*, nor *none* ſo *great*,

But huſh, my *Muſe*, no more attempt to raiſe
A greater *Character*, or greater *Praiſe*,
Leſt *Flattery* ſhou'd be thought to guide thy *Quill*;
*Flattery* the worſt of *Crimes*, the Poet's *Ill*.
Shunn'd but by *few*, attempted by each *Fool*,
Who ſpells by *Method*, and who writes by *Rule*,
And is, at beſt, ſome *Muſe*'s buſy *Tool*.

*Happy* the Man, who to his *Country*'s juſt,
True to his *King*, and faithful to his *Truſt*.
Wiſely ſedate, in *Honeſty* ſincere,
Friend to the *Brave*, and to his *Nation* dear.
For ſuch the *Muſe* ſhall ſing with ſure Applauſe,
Bold in the *Truth*, and ſacred to her *Cauſe*.

Curs'd

Curs'd be the *Slave* who obſtinate in *Vice*,
And *Judas*-like enthralls his *Soul* for *Price*.
Elate with *Miſchief*, and in *Sin* renown'd,
By *Rogues* encourag'd, and by *Malice* crown'd.
*Such*, *Caleb*, thy inglorious *Life* proclaims,
Such are thy Studies, ſuch thy ſecret Aims;
Has *Time* no *Storms*; has *Conſcience* no *Remorſe*;
Has *Heaven* no *Charms*? Nor glorious *Reaſon* Force,
To curb this frantick Fury of thy Mind,
Which makes thee *hated*, and which makes thee *blind*,
Blind in thy *Senſes*, and by *Envy* led?
By *Traytors* rul'd, and by *Ambition* fed.
Has *Death* no Terrors, or has *Hell* no Pains,
To wake thy *Soul*, or methodize thy *Brains*?
No wonder then your *Life* is ſomewhat *Odd*,
And you *Salmoneus*-like, will be a *God*,
Or King, or *Stateſman*, or whate'er you pleaſe;
For you like *Jupiter*, can change with *Eaſe*.
Unthinking *Man*, be any thing but *Brave*,
Be it a *Pimp*, a *Cuckold*, or a *Knave*.
Have Ears like *Midas*, with *Lycaon*'s Face,
And *Pluto*'s Fortune to employ thy *Race*.

But hold---my humble *Muſe* this *Theme* diſdains,
And wanton *Fancy* calls for other *Strains*.
*GEORGE* is return'd propitious to our Prayers,
To raiſe our *Joys*, and to depreſs our *Cares*;
Then ſtring the *Golden Harp*, and tune the *Lyre*,
To kindle *Pleaſure*, and awake *Deſire*;
With *Harmony Divine* our Notes ſhall riſe,
And call *Cecilia* from the tuneful *Skies*.
As *She* to warbling *Airs* her Hand employs,
Each *Muſe* ſhall joyn *Calliope*'s ſweet *Voice*,
Charming *Hero*, Godlike *King*,
For whom the *Muſes* gladly ſing.
See mighty *Jove* deſcending from his *Throne*,
To view his darling *Son*,
With *Ceres* by his Side,
Who gave him *Birth*,
* And crown'd the Harveſt of the *Earth*,
With *GEORGE* her Bleſſing and her Pride.
*Minerva* to his *Youth*
Gave *Wiſdom*, *Temp'rance* and *Truth*,
And

* *Alluding to the* 30*th of* October, *his Majeſty's Birth-day.*
October à Feſto Πυανεψιων, quod celebratur frugibus terræ
Jam collectis atque conditis ---

And *Mars* his Courage join'd;
*Hymen* in ſacred Bands,
Fixt *CAROLINA's* Hands
To *Crown* the Wiſhes of his *Mind!*
Bleſt *King*, and happy, happy *Wife*,
Thus to becalm remaining *Life*,
With Social *Virtues*, *Antidotes* to *Strife*.
The *Hours* to *You* ſhall *Dance*,
With ſprightly *Mirth*, and ſoft *Content*,
Not Wing'd by *Fortune*, nor by *Chance*,
But ſuch as *Heaven* has ſent,
To ſooth the Breaſt
With gentle *Thoughts*, and balmy *Reſt*,
*Rewards* to *thoſe*, who ſtudy to be *bleſt*.

But ſee! *Bellona*, mad with *Rage*,
And agonizing *Fear*,
Waves the *Crimſon Spear*,
To ſhew that *Blood her Paſſion* muſt aſſwage.
For *Britain's Blood* ſhe cries,
To quench her *Fury*, and rejoice her *Eyes*:

While *GEORGE*, not fond of mean *Applause*,
Smiles at her *Anger*, and rejects her *Cause*,
And saves his *Kingdom* by *Celestial Laws*.

Plenty, and *Mirth* with *him Appear*,
And *Phœbus* shines with brighter *Rays*;
While meager *Winter* struck with fear,
At *GEORGE*'s *Sight*, groans, and *Decays*.

*Albion*'s *Oaks* with Verdure fresh
Join with the rapture'd *World* and own,
The Glory *GEORGE* has won
Deserves a *Garland* for his *Head*.

Now, now, each *Muse* the *Chorus* join,
In *Harmony Divine*,
Whilst *Venus* with *her Myrtle Boughs*
Adorns the *Sovereign's Brows*,
And gives her *Roses to Britannia's Queen*,
And *Europe* to the King.
In loud Acclaim, the *Io Paans* sing,

*CHORUS.*

CHORUS.

In *Eaſe* and *Health*, with *Love* and *Peace*,
May all the *Monarch's* Days move on;
Freſh *Pleaſures* riſe, new *Joys* increaſe,
And *Bleſſings* circle round his *Throne!*

11 7 19

FINIS.

CHORUS.

In Ease and Health, with Love and Peace,
May all the Monarch's Days move on;
Fresh Pleasures rise, new Joys increase,
And Blessings circle round his Throne!

FINIS.